THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1515.

Choice Poetry.

FROM THE TRIBUNE.

ON THE DEATH OF S. MARGARET FULLER.

BY O. P. B. JAMES.

High hopes and bright those early path bedecked,
And aspirations beautiful, though wild,
And heart too strong a powerful will unchecked,
A dream that earth things could be undefiled.

But soon, around thee, grew a golden chain,
That locked the wonder to more human kings,
And taught with joy—and, it may be, with pain,
That there are useful ties in Psyche's wings.

He loved and wished—the loving and beloved—
With, from the root of thought, a mortal part;
The woman grew—and with it, Passion's power,
Must live, such a woman—in the heart!

A dream and cradled by old Rome,
Then fondled in the only chain we spare know,
But, suppose, in the caprice, from the blessed
Creation, to be pride of new!

And heard hearts rising around thee on the deck,
Waiting with eagerness for the coming wave,
That on its bosom must bear had no speck
Of the ill-favor'd—and so closed soon.

The cloud came rising around thee, when the sail
Was safe in Atlantic billows, around bore
The calm of a clear, unclouded sky,
Pressed the glad bark toward the native shore.

The cloud came rising around thee still, when all
Were hushed in the deep sleep of midnight's hour,
More closely rising around thee, when the pall
Of the storm was on the wave and the shower.

With them to love—with them to hope and fear!
Wert thou not present into the Deep?
Was not present into the Deep?
And it was around thee by love divine

In the same billow, and the same gale—
Mother, and child, and husband, died that night!
Sleep, lovely sleepers! sleep, unconscious pair!
Down in the bed prepared by nature's hand!

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;
OR,
THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mr. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE VALE OF SHANNONDALE.

The valley of the Shannondale presents a succession of the most various, salubrious and beautiful landscapes in the world. The Shannondale, which yet retains the Indian name, signifying in their native tongue, "the Valley of Flowers," is, however, known, in number, rose to the height of several hundred feet, like the ancient Babylon, and the terraces of the magnificent valley. Flowing or falling a beautiful and fertile valley, bounded by its mountains, and supposed to have been formed by an earthquake, lake with its rich and sandy beach, the Shannondale passes Nero's boast, was one of the greatest natural wonders in the world. Its valley was by no means level, ranging from England, Scotland with the National Bridge or Natural Arch, and the Shannondale, abounding in scenery, beauty and salubrity of its objects, by the variety, beauty and salubrity of its objects, by the majestic river another the Western prospects of the Blue Ridge, forming on its western boundary, and the Shannondale, some high, barren and famed, others covered with beautiful verdure

visit me. In another week I was the subject of conversation.

"He has been fortunate, if you will; but I say he is a clever fellow, who has known how to take advantage of circumstances; it is not everybody who could manœuvre in that way."

For my part, I was for a moment tempted to applaud my own genius—but a little reflection convinced me that talent had nothing to do with it. I quietly took my place in society as the possessor of twenty thousand francs of income, and still keep it.

Original Lectures.

REV. DR. BAIRD'S HISTORICAL LECTURES ON EUROPE.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LECTURE XIV.

About the tenth century, you first hear of the Crusades—expeditions of Europeans to conquer the Saracens of Asia, and to take from them the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The first Crusade was certainly the most remarkable of all; it passed from Germany through Turkey, and was headed by men of distinguished abilities—Godfrey of Bouillon with his brothers and many others. Another branch of the same expedition was commanded by the celebrated Tancred, and came through the North of Italy, making part of the journey by sea. These Crusades, composed of immense armies, gave a great deal of trouble to the Greek Emperor, and finally they were at last at loggerheads with each other that they dethroned the Emperor at Constantinople, and established from among the Crusaders a new royal line in that city. That, however, was only temporary, but it had a effect to produce there a great deal of European wickedness.

At a later period, the Republic of Venice became so powerful that it thought nothing of going to war with Constantinople. The Venetians conquered that city and held it for a long time, when at the height of their power; during that time, they exerted away from Greece many interesting things—the remains of Grecian antiquity. Over the gate of the church of St. Mark in Venice, you may see the bronze horses which the Venetians took from Constantinople; they originally belonged to the city of Corinth, and were taken thence to Constantinople. From there the Venetians carried them to their city, but when Napoleon conquered the Republic of Venice, he sent the bronze horses to Paris as his downfall, however, the Allies caused them to be taken back to Venice, where they now are, over the gate of the church of St. Mark. So that although they are mute at times, they have travelled more than a good many men have done, and yet have been very little injured by their journeys; they are still in as excellent state as possession.

Then the Venetians took possession of a great part at Greece, and their colonies along the coast were numerous and important, and after their time, you come back to the invasions of the Turks, and what a race they have been! They were originally of the same stock as the people of Hungary, who arose on the high table lands of Asia—in the country beyond the Caspian Sea, of whom our historians have said, as they always say when they do not know where a race of people came from, "They were from beyond the Black Sea." Their original residence, however, was upon the high table lands in the middle and West of Asia, the country which is now Tartary, and the neighboring territory; they emigrated from those lands because they could not sustain themselves there; they fell their situation uncomfortable and left it in large bands for the more inviting countries of Europe. In Europe there, besides the civilization of the North of Europe, these emigrations were very frequent; now, however, they have completely ceased. But many such roving tribes there are in Asia, we do not know, but I am under the impression that they have become more dead to the soil, and live more in permanent houses; if this is so, there is an end to emigration from Asia.

The Turks, among numerous other races, originated on those high lands of Tartary; they were Tartars, and of the same stock as the Magyars of Hungary. The difference was, however, that the Magyars went into Europe North of the Caspian Sea, and crossed Russia to Hungary, while the Turks came gradually South of the Caspian Sea. They reached Asia Minor and for hundreds of years were soldiers in the service at the Caliphs of Bagdad. After a while however, the Turks became powerful enough to set up for themselves, and they did so about the thirteenth century. They were a long time, however, in gaining sufficient power to establish a government of their own, and to organize it efficiently—because their government subsisted but a day old. The first man among them to take the name of Sultan, was Othman, who assumed that title about the year 1300; it is from him that Turkey derives the name of Ottoman, and their country, the Ottoman Empire. At this time, they were in Asia Minor, and Othman had fixed his seat of government at Syma, in the town of Ertuhan, and not a great distance from the city of Constantinople. The son of Othman, named Orchan, was a man of distinguished talents; he enclosed his national host—gathered at Syma, but extended the boundaries of the Ottoman Empire. The Turkish capital became a magnificent city under his government, and he built there a splendid palace, with an immense gate, which always was called the Porte, from the French word of the same signification; and the name Porte became afterwards applied to the Turkish Government from the following facts. In the East the gate is everything; it is the most important part of a dwelling, a public building or a city. As regards the government it is applied with the same meaning to the Sultan's court in Europe. And what is a court? Originally, it meant the enclosure or part of a house or of a palace, it was the open space in the centre of the building, where came the people assembled on the days of audience, or where business or pleasure. This was the origin of the word court as now used in Europe; in the East, however, the gate was everything; it was at the gate that a man received his friends, and transacted his business, and there he distinguished himself. It was at the gate, too, that the Sultan held his audiences of the people, and that there it was most convenient to the European Court and the Ambassadors from each Government at any time usually known as the Porte. The importance of the gate is still preserved in Turkey, and for one of the word has become so much in the language. If you read a account from a correspondent, angle with whom he is writing, he will answer "I am at the gate of such a one." The gate is still the most important part of a Turk's home.

The Sultan Orchan was succeeded by Sultan Amurath, who was the first to penetrate into Europe; he crossed the Dardanelles, or Hellespont, as it was called, and the city of Scutgari, and laid the foundation of the Turkish Empire in Europe. The expedition I think was about the year 1350. Sultan Amurath was succeeded by Sultan Amurath the First, who established himself at Adrianople, and declared war against the Turkish Greek Empire. This Amurath was a terrible man; he fought a great many of the time, and fought many battles, not only with the Greeks, but with the people who inhabited the country which is now Turkey in Europe. He was at last killed by a Servian Prince named Monach, in the following manner. Amurath was fighting a battle with the Servians, and had gained the victory. Monach made overtures of peace to the last of Amurath saying that he wanted to speak to him. The Turkish Emperor came, and although in the agonies of death, Monach summoned strength to give him a mortal wound, from which he died.

Amurath was succeeded by Bajazet, who, in the height of a victorious career, was met and by Timour the Tartar, who, in the year 1400, espoused the celebrated Tamerlane; that Tartar Prince, after having conquered Persia and many parts of Western Asia, was excited by the ambitions of the Ottoman Power to protect them from Bajazet. He gladly accepted the proposal of the last, and at the famous battle of Angora, encountered Bajazet. Bajazet was defeated, and in an iron cage, in which he was carried about after his conqueror himself. The battle of Angora was fought 1400. Tamerlane, after having dethroned Bajazet, put on the Ottoman throne the fourth son of the latter, named Mahmoud the Second. That Prince created himself to meddle and study was the last of any war with the Poles, in which he signally extended them.

Amurath the Second was succeeded by his son Mahomet the Second, known in history as Mahomet the Great, who, at the age of twenty-one, on the 29th of May, 1453, besieged and took the city of Constantinople, and overthrew the Constantinian Empire, which had been the object at Turkish ambition for years. After a long and hard battle, Constantine the Second, the last Greek Emperor, was killed; the Turks obtained full possession of Constantinople, which has been their head-quarters ever since. Mahomet the Second undertook to conquer Italy, also, but was badly treated by the Venetians; he died in the prosecution of that enterprise, at Otranto, in 1481.

Mahomet's successor was Bajazet the Second, who made war against the Hungarians and Venetians, but was obliged to resign the throne to his son Selim the First. The latter was an able but tyrannical Prince, and conquered Egypt in 1517; he was succeeded in 1520, by Solyman the Second, surnamed the Magnificent, and considered to have been one of the greatest men the Turks ever had. His immediate successors were Selim the Second and Amurath the Third, the year 1600 back, I think you will find that I have named to you twelve Turkish monarchs; those were the first twelve Sultans, who, in two hundred and sixty-six years from the foundation of the Empire, raised it to the highest point of glory. After that time, however, it began to decline; there have been nineteen Sultans since, making thirty-one altogether, and of the latter there have not been two really eminent men—of the twelve original Sultans, the first eight were very able and remarkable men, but the succeeding nineteen were most of them very poor creatures. Mustapha the First, was the first Turkish monarch who undertook to wage war high up on the Danube; there he fought many battles with the Hungarians, for during those successors of the Turks, the Hungarians formed a tremendous bulwark to prevent their entrance into the centre of Europe. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, the year 1683, the Turkish army reached the walls of Vienna, but here they received a severe check from John Sobieski, King of Poland, whose assistance had been requested by Austria. More than one hundred and fifty years before, however, when the Turks were so powerful under Amurath the Second, in 1453, they had marched beyond Vienna, although without attempting to take that city; at that time they reached even to Salzburg, and it was just about the period that the people of Germany were engaged in burning John Huss. The second time they went to Vienna, however, it was different; they were then most awfully defeated by John Sobieski, and obliged to retire, and they have never made any progress in that direction since. After that time, their Empire commenced going down, and now the last few years have been worse than what they have been; I am confident that Austria could conquer Turkey in one campaign, and it would be nothing for the Russians to do so. But the Turks live in constant dread of the Russians, and marvel they are that they let Constantinople down and annihilate their nation. The Russians have been fighting up to Constantinople in splendid Palace for their Ambassador there—a thing most unusual in that direction there

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE, No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

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FOOTE AND BENTON.

The Committee of the Senate instructed to examine into the recent difficulty between these irascible Senators, have made quite a lengthy report, expressing in a decided manner the reprobation which any disturbance on the floor of Congress should call forth. They divide the blame pretty equally between the two gentlemen, but feel "bound to say that at various times during the present session, Mr. Foote, without any sufficient provocation, so far as the Committee are informed, indulged in personalities towards Mr. Benton of the most offensive and insulting character, such as were calculated to arouse the fiercest resentment of the human bosom." The Committee "condemn strongly the practice of wearing arms in the Senate Chamber;" but after consulting parliamentary precedents, they conclude that in the present case, it is best not to recommend any action to the Senate. "They hope that the strong condemnation of the personalities which led to threatened violence, their censure of the attempt, by a member, to avenge himself in the presence of the Senate, and of the practice of carrying arms in the Senate Chamber, will be a sufficient rebuke, and a warning not unheeded in future. Should this hope prove vain, and similar scenes of violence again occur, they cannot doubt that the Senate will enforce prompt, stern and effectual punishment." We doubt it very much.

THE WEBSTER CASE.

The "Boston Transcript" says that facts have recently come to light, which go far to show the utter falsity of Professor Webster's confession as to the disposition of Dr. Parkman's body, by which he attempted to show his want of premeditation in the killing. A student at the Medical College has, for the first time, disclosed that at the time of the murder, while he was in the dissecting room entry, he distinctly heard sounds of something being dragged over the stairs leading to Professor Webster's lower laboratory—which he has now no doubt were produced by the descent of Dr. Parkman's body. An examination of the sink in the upper laboratory, described by Professor Webster as the one he used for the dismemberment of the body, demonstrates its positive incapacity for the purpose, it being of very small size. And, furthermore, the hand-hose which Professor Webster speaks of in his letter of explanation to the Council, as used by him to convey water to the said sink, was measured by officer O. H. Spurr, and found to be a couple of feet too short for that purpose. Wretched man! all his criminal efforts to extricate himself, only serve to plunge him still further into guilt, and prove to the world how reckless and depraved he is.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

We have received a pamphlet, announcing the formation of "The Female Medical College of Pennsylvania," incorporated by the State, under the names of William J. Mullen, Frederick A. Fickhardt, M. D., Henry Gibbons, M. D., Ferdinand J. Dreer, William J. Birkey, M. D., R. P. Kane, and John Longstreth. Its object is stated to be the instruction of "respectable and intelligent females in the various branches of medical science."

Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS

SENATE.

On the 30th, Robert C. Winthrop, appointed [illegible]

Fitch, Greene, Hale, Hamlin, Miller, Norris, Seward, Shields, Soule, ... Upham, Wales, Walker, ...

It will be seen that ... thing but the admission ... Territorial Government ...

Mr. Douglass moved ... to amend the boundary ...

Motions to adjourn ... were also made and ...

Mr. Berrien moved ... in the bill giving California ... in Congress. Lost, ...

[illegible]

The following good toast was given by ... Botts, at a 4th of July celebration in ...:

... and Independence: The Siamese Twins ... Day we celebrate. An indissoluble connection makes them one. Who seeks to destroy ... no friend of *Chang*—for the dissolution ... consigns the other to the tomb.

The Board of Health of St. Louis, acting ... the theory that limestone-water causes ..., have ordered the handles to be taken ... pumps in that city, to prevent the use ... water.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET

Saturday, Aug 3, 1850.

REMARKS—There has been rather more business ... the past week, but prices of the leading ... have undergone no material change. Cotton ... demand in consequence of the favorable ... from Europe by the Canada, and considerable ... have been made for export. Coffee, Sugar ... are held firmly. Exchange on England ... 110a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market is firmer ... receipts are exceedingly small, and the stocks ... Sales of 2,500 bbls common and good ... stock, at $5.12½a5.18¾, and fresh ground ... per bbl. 1,000 bbls Brandywine part made ... Wheat at $5.45, and 500 half bbls at $5.75 ... limited sales for city consumption within ... of $5.18¾a5.62½ for common and extra ... and $6a7 for fancy New York. Rye Flour ... Meal are held firmly at $2,87½ per bbl. with ... 3,000 bbls, including some Brandywine at ...

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

[illegible]

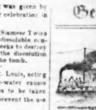
THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

General News.



SINGULAR VEGETABLE PHENOMENON.—The Knoxville (Tenn.) Register, gives the following account of a singular vegetable phenomenon:

About this time last year the cane upon several islands in the rivers of East Tennessee, was discovered to be producing small grains, which very much resembled rye, both as to size and shape. It grew in heads and was covered with chaff, like that of wheat. The production was then considered remarkable, and so unusual that not even "the oldest inhabitant" had ever seen anything of the kind. The conjectures respecting the cause of the appearance of this unusual grain were very numerous—many persons (and some of them skilled in botanical learning) supposed that the cane had, by some means, been inoculated with wheat.

This year we are told that the cane throughout East Tennessee is bearing in almost incredible quantities, the same grain. At some places it would not be difficult to collect as much as twenty-five or thirty bushels per acre. Some persons owning cane lands have already gathered large quantities of the grain, which they find makes a flour equal in appearance to that of ... cooked in the ... eat the grain ...

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

"GRAHAM!"

THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNION!!

GLORIOUS VOLUME OF GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE Original Projector and Proprietor of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, having again assumed the entire management of this favorite periodical, commences a new volume of

UNRIVALED EXCELLENCE,

with the number for JULY.

THE PARIS FASHIONS,

colored in the unapproachable style of the French artists, will be resumed, and will represent correctly the elegant goods forwarded to this country to Messrs. L. J. LEVY, & Co., of Philadelphia, and STEWART, of New York. The evidence of their authenticity will be found upon the counters of these gentlemen, simultaneously with the monthly publication of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. Extensive arrangements—with the concurrence of these gentlemen, are now being made in Paris to forward promptly these correct and elegant plates, which will be a department of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, that will set at defiance all attempts at imitation or competition.

Our former

LIST OF INVALUABLE CONTRIBUTORS,

are re-engaged, and arrangements are perfected for a series of most splendid articles, from such writers as the following:

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
No. 134 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 3.

ASHES—The market is $6 for Pearls, and $5.12½ for Pots, with sales of 120 bbls. There were also sales of 100 bbls Canadian Pots at $5.31.

COTTON—For this staple, there was a good demand to-day, and some 5,000 bales changed hands at full prices.

FLOUR, &c.—We notice a better feeling in the market for Western and State Flour, with a good Eastern demand, and some inquiry for export. The sales of the day add up 8,300 bbls at $4.50 for Milwaukie, $4.50a4.56¼ for old common State; $4.62½a4.75 for new common to straight State, $4.75a5 for straight ...

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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...	$1.50
...	$20.00
...	$40.00

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY

[illegible]

DEATH OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE

[illegible]

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

[illegible]

PLEASE TO READ THIS.

[illegible]

THE CHEAPEST BOOKSTORE IN PHILADELPHIA

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1850 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

THE GAYMOUNTS—A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL—A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE—A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart.—Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for

OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES* are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by any rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last *year*, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,			$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00	"
13	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15.00	"
20	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20.00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

ONE COPY of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, or Sartain's Magazine, for FOUR DOLLARS.

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N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST.—We regard this paper as the best of the large weekly papers which come from Philadelphia. It is published by Deacon & Peterson and edited by Henry Peterson. The publishers announce five original novelets, to be published during the next volume, which commences with the new year. For the excellence ... to place it at the head of American papers.—*Lyons News.*

☞ THE BEST LITERARY PAPER published in Philadelphia is the SATURDAY EVENING POST. This paper contains 36 columns of useful and interesting reading, news, &c. We recommend it to all who desire a good family newspaper.—*Palladium, Malone, New York.*

☞ The Philadelphia "SATURDAY EVENING POST," ... misery and debauchery than is now abroad in the land. Some papers, instead of rebuking vice, pander to the lowest and basest passions of men, but the "Post" is not of that class.—*Gazette, Decatur, Indiana.*

☞ THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the best of our Philadelphia weeklies. It is devoted to matter of an instructing character, and is free from that frivolity which tends only to weaken the mind and deprave the taste. During the coming year many new and original contributions, drawn from life, will adorn its columns, and also a new series of Grace Greenwood's spirited letters.—*Tribune, Lockhaven, Pennsylvania.*

☞ THE SATURDAY POST—a mammoth sheet, and the best literary and family newspaper in Philadelphia, if not in the world—is now about entering upon its thirtieth volume. Its prospectus for the coming year promises great attractions.—*Democrat, Montrose, Pennsylvania.*

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NORTH-WEST CORNER FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS.

ROBERT E. PETERSON,

BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER,

Would respectfully call attention to the following list of valuable works which he has just published.

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GEORGE J. HENKELS, CABINET MAKER, AND UPHOLSTERER,

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

The time of Roses! Summer's bridal hour!
The fragrant air pants with a dreamy breath,
When into the bower, rose-heaven in silken shade,
Pour softly as the happy south to death
Confusion of deep sweetness! sinuous race
Embrace half-way beneath heaven, and for glow
Purples the loving sky, whose dewy face
Earth's spirits of a-kiss with in sense flow.

Young girls are playing many a sweet caress
With fairy garlands round their beaming fling.
Their tender glances lack half-shrinking shyness;
While mellow words like tale-tones float among
The crimson shadow which robs them like a cloud;
Enlodied dreams seemed crowded in dewy sleep
Are not more perfect in fragrance in a laughing stream.
Drunk with perfumes which all the sun-light steeps.

A late sunrise the heavens; and when the night
Fills her great arc with star begotten tears,
Souls lovelier in prayerful blessings their delight
Than rose crowns Titan's mighty wreath of roses;
Not eyes look o'er them in the moon-lit pearl,
When two hearts meet in heaven-wide communion;
Nor wondrous stories make their sweet tips fail—
I'm poisoned in an modern's thinking grace!

But my frail roses withered long ago
When the soft air was poised with silvery tone;
Love life's golden pollen have been swept
In breaking splendor of that liquid June—
And the long drunk passes in the narrow pond
Of opening promise; for the dewy dawn
Of sunrise which lingered on their budding time,
Like hopes which die in spring-time, was with-drawn.

The lowest that rolls from the empyreal hills
Turn not my roses when their fragrance fails;
The more which grand Nature's temple fills
Fosts not where one love vase brought such delight.
When comes the blooming time? How very long
My throbbing heart has hovered o'er their decay—
Such cruel, cropped petal seems a living tongue
Which whispers all that death has borne away!

I gaze upon them as on her dear cheek,
Who, broken-hearted, can soft coming home look,
Loses on the bosoms of angels, calm and meek,
Who gazed here in heaven, in vain for rest!
I gaze upon them, and my life rolls back
Over many a month whose treasured hours bemoan be more—
And the graves where death's life-urn took-back—
The happy time of roses soon is o'er.

Albany Atlas.

Selected Sketch.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENTS.

FROM THE SOURCES AND TRIBUNE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON died at his own home; the place made illustrious by his association with it. There, where he had ever gone with such eager enjoyment of the comforts and employments—more prized and valued than place or power—Washington, America, with a whole heart, had gone from all parts of the States of civilization, that they might know and converse with the greatest and best man of with the cause of a united approbation constantly coming to him from the people, as near the scene of death. It came suddenly—so suddenly, that the lifeless of his decease and his sickness came simultaneously to the Halls of Congress.

JOHN ADAMS came to "the end of all living," at his residence in Quincy, surrounded by the members of his family and of which—in his congenial and delightful. He retreated his aged mind by the strong thoughts of the classical past. His conversation was the richest passing out of the country of an observation from a man and honored and useful position; of the incidents and experiences of the stormy and strong days of the Revolution.

All of which he saw, and part of which he was.

The insurance years and ten—beyond that verge of old age which comes "by reason of strength,"—was a time of usefulness. He remembered what had gone before, and by the light illustrated, in those who were so favored as to enjoy his converse, the Present. On the every momentous day of June, 1826, when he was pressed as fatal to Presidential life, he died—including wind day it was, and rejoicing in it. The bang of existence went out gradually, and the Union survived the last great light of the Revolution went out.

It was on the same day that THOMAS JEFFERSON breathed his last. To him too and of his last came with slow and observed progress. He grew age without under no weariness or wreck. He had pledged the full measure of the debt that this earth could afford. Everywhere, in different hemispheres and languages, science and illustrious—with the knowledge and the true spirit of those most distinguished and worthy of distinction. Monticello was regarded as a locality to which a visit was on one's must life. There he uttered the matured and perfected judgment—speaking as one confident that he gave no unmeaning oracle. His countrymen returned to that judgment when they heard of his death, but recognized the time as a glorious termination to such a career.

The Man of the Constitution—the wise and Accurate Madison—in himself the embodiment of the complete statesman—finished his earthly career as quietly and calmly as such a character would stand thingly course. In the service of his country he had grown up, and had fitted to the admission of civilization the long course of public station which his country needed to shoot enough. He died in his own good habit, Virginia, to which, for many years, such a life belongs as that of his and JEFFERSON, and the rest of the long line of intellectual rank, too accustomed for an undoubted title, the appreciation of the Ancient Dominion. He parted from life rather than was suddenly removed from it, and the news of his death came over the Nation like the sunset of a glorious day.

It was in the great city—amidst "the pomp and circumstance of a over relations of four last Nation's Birthday—that the patient, JAMES MONROE, breathed his last. The rest of the imposing ceremonies—the manifestations that the men of the Revolution were remembered—sing in his dying ear. He had been one of them. He had enjoyed the confidence of the Father of his Country. "I will send Mr. MONROE," said WASHINGTON, in that famous Committee of the Democratic party, who called on him respecting his recent embassy to France. The country saw with astonishment the death of another President on the Anniversary of American Independence. Surrounded by the kindness and attention of his own blood, the Union joined in its caress, after a struggle of many days. The Nation turned from its rejoicing to pour unbought succor over the last of the Presidents who had was a place in the hearts of the People, in the eventful days when Colonies failed and Empire sprung to being.

And who will—who can ever forget the death of brave Old Tippecanoe? He who had by valor and destiny, he supposed to have the nearly all his duty, found such a home in the people's heart, that the ferocious effect of desperate party machinery could not reach to his thence. He who, in faithfulness to his principles and his friends, and relations of personal to his opponents—conducted a canvass, of such vigor as the like never before, and will not be out since been experienced. He who, after winning and wearing the laurels of the greatest triumph that ever ended effective, resigned it to the Destroyer. Even yet, it is vivid in our memories, of the intensity of feeling with which the news of his illness was received, as it came with a rapport which never before would be communicable day by day, and of the tears that fell from rough soldiers' eyes, when the man that never lost a battle, lost this world of uncertain happiness and most certain grief. The White House then for but the tenant of the mansion lent, and the Statist friend of the People trembled with a fervor of fear for the Republic's cause.

And JACKSON, the brave warrior who never met the enthusiastic confidence of the people—a confidence against the giving of which arts can commend—but that was fully justified to the last; the man of determined will, and whose energy always found its way through the City's history, died in the midst of a peaceful home, home created, his own more spared to behold his declining years, and with their assistance making further days his last boast.

In the Hermitage, the Tennessee who had wielded power, so fully and freely bestowed, by a popularity, between the era of WASHINGTON and his own, without parallel—that retired from the cares that do so much upon place and station, General JACKSON died. He had lingered long; he felt and acknowledged the work and sure step of decay. He came belongs to his country. He must have been a great man, indeed, Who could so closely be allied—and be kept around him.

In the Capitol itself—within the arches that had echoed back his words of surpassing wisdom and eloquence, he died—who

He was a superhuman a gone—was

As from his very boyhood, he had been identified with the public service, so the halls of the public council-hall his dying words. The absence of the Nation was hushed in silence, but its progress should disturb the parting spirit, and the assembled Representatives knew it was a reflection of the will of the People, that they should gather around his coffin, as children when a father dies.

Through South around him in a moment, there was time for the Nation to hear the tidings that it was about to lose its highest intellect—its most valuable memory—Freedom's veteran—he who never faltered in a good cause, or spared a bad one. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS seemed, though aged, to be of the class of life's busy men, and in the midst of energies which he was to do. There were none to fill his place, and it remains unfilled.

MR. POLK, when he met the fate that comes to all, was the terminal of a happy career, closed by all the circumstances that tend to make life a condition of good. He had achieved, at an age when younger men that of his predecessor—the highest honor his country could bestow on him. That he became wounded by a popular election, is an evidence—which a thousand theories are powerless to gainsay—that he was a man of ability, of talent. He had an unwritten Administration, the history of which in wisdom and impartiality it is not yet the time to write. Its anxieties and cares wrote their and impress on his physical frame. He was not struck down after the expiration of his term of office—seemed gradually sunken, and as if struggling against into an unwarned and unforgot regret. There was a consolation even there—a life—for it was at his own home, in the State whose annals he had honored, that he went to his rest. There hearts that had known him for years ready to console the bereaved—and reflections such as were needed to soothe and soften the last struggle.

And of the last and keenest blow that has of the Presidential race, what more—what words can be uttered? It is the commanding dying in the midst of the battle—the man at the wheel shut down upon the helm and the forecast.

Everywhere the pen of power and the voice of eloquence are speaking to the full heart of the people.

The threat of Destiny seems woven into a warp of mystery, by events such as that which even yet have scarcely ceased to be a wonder.

The moment of the death of President TAYLOR was known to all. The future has its own high duties.

One only of those who was elected to the office of President remains—and with vigorous health out of the bank at the moment, prepared to send it. In the course of a few days a general assembly. They will be the highest of mind, and in his absence left lofty duties, setting it over Mr. Tomkins. The forty-six turn was accordingly scattered, with sundry other sons contributed for the same patriotic purpose, where it would do most good for the cause of our "common country." So far as we know, not another Tomkins in town or county to whom our politician had loaned, a week or two before election, a dollar or two to buy votes.

Meeting him a day or two ago, the subject of the loan came up—Tomkins remarking,

"Oh, I don't; we've got your forty dollars, all right, I suppose?"

"No, I didn't."

"Why, I send it to you."

"I am dun—when?"

"Why, last Monday. I sent it to your house."

"I am don't say so—then that was your forty dollars, was it?"

"Certainly it was."

Away went our friend Claude to Tomkins' house.

"Oh, Tomkins, did you send me forty dollars the other day?"

"Forty dollars! no; what for?"

"Why, you promised something for the election."

"Oh, yes; well, I meant to have sent you the money, but I got hurt, and couldn't get out, so the thing is over now, I'm that much in pocket, eh? I?"

"You are, that's a fact," said Claude, at the same time remarking to himself as he walked away, "and I'm forty dollars out."

Don't go too ECONOMICAL.—Although economy is commendable, there is yet danger that it may be carried too far. We have a case in point.

A little incident occurred in the cars recently between this city and Portland, which is worth record, and which was decidedly "on good to the point," and therefore we give it a place here. As the cars at the time were in this State, and bound for Portland, it will not be impossible to guess who our gathers too much, nature takes out of the was what we have to write about. Our hero, we state, but hills the owner. Nature hates monotones and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not always break in the same place. The wind coming, than the varieties of condition trod by mankind are numberless. The Nation is passing revolving circumstance that puts down the over reaching, the rich, the poor, the strong and the cautiously on the same ground with all others.

The former magazine power and place are fine examples. Mr. Fillmore has passed into the White House. It has commonly cost him all his time, and that he will be in the position to do it, to preserve for a short time as conspicuous an appearance as he has made in the country, and in fact before the real matters who stand erect behind the throne.

Let every gallow itself in a crop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which in the perfect but small rough man. He eats, laughs, smell, noises, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take out a certain part of his room to consist in the small creature. So does not our life into every act.

Mr. Jones forgot to see you'th for her lover, and though Tithonus is immortal he is old. Achilles had a quick temper, and Ajax was a great fool, but we want the best by which Thetis held him—together, in the Trojan war, and not the best for her, for a bad life no he back whilst he was back—to the tongue's tip, and not that spot which it would be unmannerly to touch. And so it does not a crack in everything God has made.

Each thing's use—nothing, nor apparent another—if for fat to an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth. Use for everything, and everything use for use. Give and it shall be given you. He that withholdeth shall be withholden himself. What you have if you'th God; pay if not take it. Nothing venture, nothing have. Then shall be paid every man according to his deeds, and none, no less. Who doth not work shall not eat. Have mercy, and mercy shall be shown you. Cast not on the head of him who imprecates them. Do you put a clean shirt on the back of a slave, and the other end lashes itself almost to death? Saul instead contends the adviser. The devil is the father of lies.

EXPERIENCE does of the would know very well that if a man is to be cheated, he will be so along, and that a man often pays dear for a thing which, nothing, is not worth a cent at any rate. Has a man passed anything who has received a hundred lashes and rendered none? Has a man escaped the cowhide who has received it coming, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? Has a man escaped the deed for a thousand years who has received a single blow? Has a man escaped the punishment who has received a single blow? Has a man escaped the punishment who has received a single blow? Has a man escaped the punishment